

1501/103.

P E T E R ' s
P E N S I O N :
A
S O L E M N E P I S T L E
T O A
S U B L I M E P E R S O N A G E.

By P E T E R P I N D A R, Esq.

*" My Heart is inditing of a good Matter—I speak of the Things which I
" have made, unto the KING." Psalm lxxv.*

" Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te."

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R J. E V A N S, P A T E R N O S T E R - R O W,

M.DCC.XCII.

[P R I C E T H R E E S H I L L I N G S.]

Entered at Stationers Hall,



A R G U M E N T.

A GRAND Exordium, containing news from Jericho—Peter informeth Majesty of the great noise on their respective accounts—and talketh of Sampson and Dalilah—the London Coffee-houses and the Royal Exchange—Peter explaineth the cause of the great noise, and ejaculateth—talketh of preparations at the Palace for his disgrace and murder—Peter informeth Majesty of what Majesty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright Devil—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be instituted—Peter pronounceth himself no Devil—Peter writeth soft Sonnets, to prove that he hath not a hard heart.

Peter talketh of Courtiers and Court matters—of what the World wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the despondence of the Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews—also the famine in poetry—Peter exculpate Majesty—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at royal misfortunes, Diamonds, Nabobs, and an action of Trover—Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the History of Nebuchadnezzar's grass diet—Peter affordeth good reasons for refusing a Pension—relateth an anecdote of a dead Archbishop—formeth a scheme for universal Happiness, by discovering Sin and Shame to be a pair of Impostors, and for making mournful Sunday merry—Peter out-doeth old Poets in egotism—condemneth Mistress Damer, the great she-statuary, for attempting our most sublime Sovereign—Peter, like many authors, exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the names of Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, and Augustus-Cæsar—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about Majesty, Mister Robinson, Alderman Skinner, and choaked Sheep—also a Tale of Majesty and Parson Young, whose neck was unfortunately unbinged at a hunt.

Peter still bankereth after Pensions—declaimeth on the Powers of Poetry, as also on his own miraculous powers—Peter professeth independency, and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner like Andrew Marvel—Peter distrusteth his fortitude—quoteth Opposition-men for pitiful desertion of principle, and descanteth on money—Peter telleth an apposite Tale of Lady Huntington's Parson, a Dog, and a Squire.

Peter quoteth the Wind and Mr. Eden—exhibiteth more symptoms of Pension-love—concludeth in a foam against Knighthood.



P E T E R ' s
P E N S I O N.

DREAD SIR, the rams horns that blew down
The walls of JERICHO's old town,

Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree——
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,
About two most important personages;
No less, my Royal LIEGE, than *You* and *Me!*

In short, not greater the PHILISTINES made
When DALILAH, a little artful jade,

(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover *Mister* SAMPSON's curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

B

Prodigious

Prodigious is the shake around !
 Still LONDON keeps (thank God) her ground ;
 Yet, how th' EXCHANGE and COFFEE-HOUSES ring !
 Nothing is heard but PETER and the KING :
 The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes ;
 And fallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their dishes !

At first 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
 On some great vict'ry in the boxing way :
 The news, the very anti-christian news,
 Of ISRAEL'S HERO* having won the day ;
 And HUMPHRIES, a true Christian boxer, beat :
 Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
 Who on his hands hath got some serious work ;
 'Twas fancied he had lost the day ;
 That ev'ry Mussulman was kill'd in battle,
 A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,
 Who do not pray to God our way.

But

* Mendoza.



But lo! unto the lofty skies,
 Of found this wonderful ascension,
 Doth verily, my Liege, from this arise;
 That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a pension!

Great is the shout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
 That you have order'd me this handsome thing;
 On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, "Good God!
 "Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
 That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
 Against the POET for his tuneful art;
 And that the tall, stiff, stately red machines,
 Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
 Were order'd all to stab me to the heart:

That if to House of BUCKINGHAM I came,
 Commands were giv'n to Mistress BRIGG,
 A comely, stout, two-handed dame,
 To box my ears and pull my wig,
 The Cooks to spit me—curry me, the Grooms,
 And *Kitchen Queens* to baste me with their brooms.

You're

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil !

So ugly ! fit to travel for a show,

And that I look all grimly where I go !

Just like a devil !

With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start ;

And in my breast a millstone for a heart !

This cometh from a certain Painter*, SIRE ;

Bid story-moufing NICOLAY inquire :

Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes ;

Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes

His pretty wither'd pair of *Chinese* chops,

Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.

He, SIRE, will look me o'er, and will not fail

To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord ! Lord ! these sayings grieve me and surprise !

Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes—

No dev'l am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs——

As for the likeness of my heart to stone—

No, Sir—it's full as tender as your own——

Accept, my Liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

To

* The Great Mr. WEST.

To an UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely Maid with downcast eye,
 And cheek with silent sorrow pale;
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears which thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
 Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
 Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd YOUTH,
 Too often blest, thy beauties slight?
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,
 That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
 And feigns the fond impassion'd tear,
 Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
 That treach'rous won thy artless ear?

Let not those Nymphs thy anguish move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine—
 That heart shall ne'er be blest by LOVE,
 Whose guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

For CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
 That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
 That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
 When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
 And brighten the gloom of the night,
 Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
 Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall GRATITUDE say with a tear,
 "That no longer I think of those charms
 "Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
 "And faded at length in my arms?"

Why yes! it may happen, thou Damsel divine:—
 To be honest—I freely declare,
 That e'en *now* to thy *converse* so much I incline,
 I've *already forgot* thou art *fair*.

To

To L A U R A.

HOW happy was my morn of love,
 When first thy beauty won my heart !
 How guiltless of a wish to rove !
 I deem'd it more than death to part !

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,
 How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
 That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
 And show'r'd delight on every scene !

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
 Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms—
 From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
 And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
 May tears be never LAURA's lot !
 Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe ;
 His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

To

HYMN to MODESTY.

O MODESTY! thou shy and blushful maid,
 Don't of a simple Shepherd be afraid;
 Wert thou *my* lamb—with sweetest grafs I'd treat thee—
 I am no WOLF so savage that should eat thee:
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snows so white,
 Where all the nestling Loves delight to lie;
 Thine eyes, that shed the milder light
 Of NIGHT's pale Wand'rer o'er her cloudless sky,
 O Nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
 And beam around me, what a world of charm!
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
 And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;

Thy

Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose
 In all the bloom of ripening summer blows ;
 Thy luscious lips, that heav'nly dreams inspire,
 By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Desire ;
 With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see
 (What melting treasures!) thrown away on *thee*.

Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design ;
 And as for those two pouting lips divine,
 Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—
 To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,
 And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
 Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces !
 But I can point out far sublimer uses ;

D

Uses

Uses the very best of men esteem——

Of which thine innocence did never dream :

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,

And give a Goddess to my cell.

Oh ! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,

Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue ;

Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r,

Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour :

Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell :

Then come, and give a Goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,

Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,

Didst thou perceive but half the snares

The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares !

Then haste, O Nymph, with me to dwell,

And give a Goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiss of speechless love,

Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve ;

And

And lo! from our so innocent embrace,
 Young MODESTIES shall spring, a numerous race!
 The blushing girls in ev'ry thing like *Thee*,
 The bashful boys prodigiously like *Me*!
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter?
 Instead of that vile appellation, Devil,
 So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,
 Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the Court,
 As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians meet,
 Or Smithfield Fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,
 Pigs, Sheep, Men, Bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy indeed is many a fly court leech!
 Afraid to trust each other with a speech——

In

In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting :
Some whisp'ring, lift'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting ;
For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit ;
Whilst from its box their heart doth sily peep,
And ask the tongue, with marv'ling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies.

" How are the mighty fall'n !" the people cry——

Meaning ME ——

" Another hog of EPICURUS' stye ;

" This vile apostate bends to *Baal* the knee ;

" Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,

" This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

" In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm——

" He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.

" This

“ This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,
 “ By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
 “ Calm as a hackney coach-horse on his stand,
 “ Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

“ Whatever he hath said, he dares unsay,
 “ In native impudence so rich—
 “ Explain the plainest things away,
 “ And call his muse a forward b— ;
 “ Treat fire of friendly promises as smoke,
 “ And laugh at truth and honour as a joke.”
 Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
 As thick as small birds pestering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
 That I have not a pension found ;
 Which speech of simple truth the mob enrages ;
 “ PETER, this is an arrant lie——
 “ The fact is clear, too clear,” they cry——
 “ Thou hast already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

E

“ Varlet,

“ Varlet, it always was thy vile intention—

“ Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar ! got a pension.”—

Still, to support my innocence, I’ve said,

Most sinfully, I own—“ I han’t, by G—:”

Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,

They never had believ’d——How vastly odd !

The morning and the evening Papers,

Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,

And mourn and droop, to think I’m dead——

Stunn’d by the unexpected news,

The MAGAZINES and the REVIEWS

For grief can scarcely lift the head.

“ Nothing but poor, mechanic stuff,” they cry,

“ Shall now be quoted for the public eye ;——

“ Nothing original in song—

“ No novelty of images and thought

“ Before our fair Tribunal shall be brought !

“ But trifling transpositions of our tongue :

“ Nought

“ Nought but a solemn pomp of words,
 “ Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet—
 “ The picture of a funeral that affords ;
 “ So solemn marching through the staring street ;

 “ Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
 “ With all the dread dismality of crape,
 “ Near the poor corpse — perhaps a puny brat,
 “ Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat.”——

No, Sir ! you never offer’d me a pension—
 But then I guess it is your kind intention—
 Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer ;
 But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I’m much oblig’d t’ye, Sir, for your good will ;
 But Oratorios* have half undone ye :
 ’Tis whisper’d, too, that thieves have robb’d the Till
 Which kept your milk and butter money.

So

* His Majesty’s Baby Oratorios in Tottenham-street, after a great struggle to live, are absolutely dead. Poor souls ! they died of a famine—Drury-lane and Covent-Garden Oratorios eat away their meat.

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
 Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken——
 Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
 Content you go to RICHMOND HOUSE* with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
 When lately the sweet PRINCESS† came of age,
 Train oil instead of wax was bid t' illumine
 The goodly company and dancing-room !
 This never had been done, I'm very sure,
 Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live stock, Sir,
 To graze your Windsor hill and vale ;
 And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
 Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your sheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
 And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitchews ;

And

* Here is a pretty little nut-shell of a Theatre, fitted up for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality who wish to expose themselves.

† Princess Royal.

And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but so so luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those loving engines left their legs.

The bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the Royal Visage may look sour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Must cross once more the Eastern Ocean !

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
Or scandal on us rolls in floods——
Some NABOB may be vile enough
To bring an action for stol'n goods—
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *Trover* ;
And Heav'n forbid it should come over !

For money matters, I am sure,
The Abbey music was put off ;
Because the Royal purse is poor,
Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough ;

F

Yet

Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
By God's grace, and a skim-milk diet.

Cloſe as a vice behold the Nation's fiſt !
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil Liſt ;
And humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the Nation's ſavings ——
Your fav'rite Miniſter, I'm told, runs *reſtiſſ*,
And growls at ſuch petitions like a maſtiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot ?

ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard ſtones ——
He finds his ſituation rather hot ——

BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As ſurely as *we* ſaw and felt the bulſe,
Haſtings hath got a very awkward pulſe ;

Therefore

Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands !
 Like patients whose disorders doctors slight
 Too often, he may bid us all good night ;
 And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir ! Oh ! then, as long as life endures,
 Nought but *remembrance* of the bulse is ours ;
 And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,
 Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
 Symptoms, as well as most *ingenious* men ;
 But Lord ! how oft the wisest are mistaken !
 Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,
 And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
 As sacred Hist'ries sweetly sing,
 Was on all fours turn'd out to grafs,
 Just like a horse, or mule, or afs :

Heav'ns !

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
 I hope it will not so turn out
 That we shall have (to make a rout)
 A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious King,
 And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
 But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore——
 I ought not to be rich whilst *you* are poor;
 No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
 I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason——
 We differ in religion, Sir, a deal:
 You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,
 And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
 For subjects, minuets and jigs to play
 On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling—
 And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling*:

I've

I've ask'd my conscience, that came straight from Heav'n,
Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scrap'd the old Black Joke and *Chère Amie*.

" Ah ! fool, (exclaim'd my conscience) know,
" God never against music made a rule ;
" On Sundays you may safely take your bow—
" And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP,* too, O King,
Who knew most secrets of the skies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,
Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise ——
And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there*,
Why *Sunday* should not have its music *here*.

In consequence of this divine opinion,
That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion,
Inform'd his fashionable wife,
That she might have her Sunday routs and cards,
And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,
When Death should take her precious life.

G

Thus

* Cornwallis.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
 His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs !
 Upon GOOD-FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,
 Lo ! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all so gay !

Now if his present GRACE, with sharpen'd eyes,
 Could squint a little deeper in the skies,
 He might be able to inform his dame
 Of two impostors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,
 Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
 Pretending to commissions from *above*.

Like this, a secret, could his Grace explore,
 What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE !
 For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
 To this world's joys than *Messieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praise and pray'r,
 But leave at will our Maker in the lurch :
 Sleep, racket, lie a bed, or take the air,
 And send our servants and the dogs to church.

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, like other DAYS, would then have life :

Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a Quaker—
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
Or widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy should I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige :
And, Sir, between you, and the post,
And me, you don't know what you've lost. —

The loss of me, so great a Bard,
Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
My verse, superior to the hardest rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor sea, nor fire ;
Surpassing, therefore, Mistress DAMER's block,
That boasts so strong a likeness of you, Sire.
That block, so pond'rous, must with age decay,
And all the lines of wisdom wear away :
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love ;
Yet, " none but PHIDIAS should attempt a JOVE."

The

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the stone
Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But VIRGIL's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like bonfires blaze —
So firm your tuneful JEWELLER would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
 That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour;
 Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
 Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
 Such as the following fable, for example;
 Of impudence, unprecedented sample!

The ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
 Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
 And one good motherly old Ewe,
 Died on a sudden down at KEW;

 Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!
 Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
 And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
 And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling grafs:
 All, the fair property of our great King,
 Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring.

H

'Twas

'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER's heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd *Mister* ROBINSON* around the slain!

And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So shock'd was *Mister* Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd ——
White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

"O please your Majesty"—he, blubb'ring, cried ——
And then stopp'd short ——

"What? what? what? what?" the staring King replied——

"Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the hurt?"

"O Sire,"

* The Hind.

“ O Sire,” said Robinson again ——

“ Speak”——said the King——“ put, put me out of pain——

“ Don’t, don’t in this suspense a body keep”——

“ O Sire !” cried Robinson, “ the sheep ! the sheep !”

“ What of the sheep ?”——replied the King, “ pray, pray——

“ Dead ! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away ?”

“ Dead ! answer’d Robinson ; dead ! dead ! dead ! dead !”

Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head !

“ How, how ?” the Monarch ask’d, with visage sad ——

“ By dogs,” said Robinson, “ and likely mad !”

“ No, no, they can’t be mad, they can’t be mad——

“ No, no, things arn’t so bad, things arn’t so bad,”

Rejoin’d the King ;

“ Off with them quick to market——quick, depart ;——

“ In with them, in, in with them in a cart——

“ Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring.” ——

Now

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidst the murder'd mutton, rode the *HIND,
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to fell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewe and rams,
Design'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff SKINNER,
Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year ;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,
'Midst Gentlemen with nightcaps, hair, and wigs ;
In language most rhetorical defining
The sterling merit of a lot of pigs :

When

* *Mister* ROBINSON.

When suddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholesome sheep ;
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a tailor or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers
Set off——a furious face indeed he put on——
Like lightning did he gallop up Cheapside !
Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came,
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman, so virtuous, cried out "SHAME !"

" D—mme," to ROBINSON said Master SKINNER,
" Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner ?"——
" You, if you please,"
Cried *Mister* ROBINSON, with perfect ease.

" Sir !"—quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again ——

" *You*,"—quoth the HIND, in just the same cool strain.

" Off, off," cried SKINNER, " with your carrion heap—

" Quick, d—mme, take away your nasty sheep.

" Whilst I command, not e'en the KING

" Shall such vile stuff to market bring,

" And London stalls such garbage put on ——

" So please to take away your stinking mutton." ——

" *You*," replied ROBINSON, "*you* cry out, ' Shame !'

" *You* blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray ;

" *You* give the harmless mutton a bad name !

" *You* impudently order it away !

" *Sweet* Master ALDERMAN, don't make this rout :

" Pray clap your spectacles upon your snout ;

" And then your keen, surveying eyes regale

" With those same fine large letters on the cart

" Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale." ——

Poor SKINNER read, and read it with a start.

Like

Like HAMLET, frighten'd at his father's Ghost,
The Alderman stood staring, like a post;
He saw G. R. inscrib'd, in handsome letters,
Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being blest with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—"I've made a great mistake—Oh! sad—
"The sheep are really not so bad.

"Dear *Mister* Robinson, I beg your pardon,
"Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on;
"Whoever says the mutton is not good,
"Knows nothing, *Mister* Robinson, of food;

"I verily believe I could turn glutton,
"On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton ——
"Pray, *Mister* Robinson, the mutton sell ——
"I hope, Sir, that his Majesty is well."——

So

So saying, Mr. Robinson he quitted,
 With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
 For such embarrassing occasions, fitted ——
 Adding just five and twenty humble bows.

To work went ROBINSON to sell the sheep ;
 But people would not buy, except *dog-cheap :
 At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece——
 And brought King GEORGE just half-a-crown a piece.

Now for the other faucy *lying* story,
 Made, one would think, to tarnish Kingly glory.

* Indeed the mutton could be sold only for Dog's meat.

The

The KING and Parson YOUNG.

THE KING (God blefs him) met old PARSON YOUNG

Walking on Windfor Terrace one fair morning ——

Delightful was the day—the ſcent was ſtrong ——

A heavenly day for howling and for horning !

For tearing farmers' hedges down, —— hallooings ——

Shouts, curſes, oaths, and fuch-like pious doings.

“ YOUNG,” cried the KING, “ d’ye hunt, d’ye hunt to-day ?

“ Yes, yes—what, what ? yes, yes, fine day, fine day.”

Low with a rev’rent bow the Prieſt replied,

“ Great KING ! I really have no horſe to ride ;

“ Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder’d mare,

“ And ſhe, my LIEGE, as blind as ſhe can ſtare.”

“ No horſe !” rejoin’d the KING, “ no horſe, no horſe !”

“ Indeed,” the Parſon added, “ I have none :

“ Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of courſe

“ Is dangerous—being blinder than a ſtone.”

K

“ Blind

“ Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind—you must, must go,
 “ Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—Stay behind?—no, no.”

What pity, that the King, in his discourse,
 Forgot to say, “ I’ll lend ye, YOUNG, a horse !”

The KING to YOUNG behaving thus so *kind*,
 Whate’er the danger, and howe’er inclin’d,
 At home with *politesse* YOUNG could not stay ——
 So up his REV’RENCE got upon the mare,
 Resolv’d the Chace with MAJESTY to share,
 And risk the dangers of the day.

Rouz’d was the deer !— the KING and PARSON YOUNG,
 CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode side by side ;
 When lo, a ditch was to be sprung !
 Over leap’d GEORGE THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over leap’d *Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Towler,*
 Over leap’d *Mendall, Brushwood, Jubal, Fowler,*
Trimbusb and Lightning, Music, Ranter, Wonder,
 And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—

Great

Great names! whose pedigrees so fair,
With those of HOMER's heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the King,
By all those hounds attended with a spring!—
Not CÆSAR's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his host he pass'd the *Rubicon*!

But wayward Fate the Parson's Palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a sudden check—
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbled,
And broke his REVERENCE's neck.

The MONARCH, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground ——
“What, what?” he cried, “YOUNG dead! YOUNG dead!
[“YOUNG dead! ——
“Humph!—take him up—and put him home to bed.”—

Thus having finish'd——with a cheerful face
NIMROD the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have stopp'd when Parson YOUNG was kill'd,
 And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
 And with a weakness, call'd Compassion, fill'd,
 Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the Royal Sportsman knew——
 He guess'd the consequence, beyond a doubt——
 Full well he guess'd he should not have a view,
 And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop ;
 Yet Pages swear they never saw it drop.

But Majesty may say—"What, what, what's death?
 "Nought, nought, nought but a little loss of breath."

To Parson YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear——
He lost by death some hundred pounds a year.

A great

A great deal, my dear Liege, depends
 On having clever bards for friends—
 What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER? —
 A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
 Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
 None but the Lord knows how or where. —

In Poetry's rich grafts how virtues thrive!—
 Some when put in, so lean, seem scarce alive;
 And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,—
 That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muse of *fire*,
 Great would your luck have been, indeed, great SIRE!—

Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit!—
 Then had I boasted that myself,
Hight PETER, was the first blest, tuneful elf,
 You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

L.

Though

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
 Of Mammon, lo! I scorn to be the fool!
 If FORTUNE calls, she's welcome to my cot,
 Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat;
 Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop
 The whole sheep, or a simple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
 And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine—
 Then, Sir, how difficult the task, you see,
 To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *Me*.

I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter—
 *A *Saint*—my namefake e'en was known to falter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,
 Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
 Who made of PITT such horrible complaint,
 And damn'd him for the worst of knaves;
 Alter'd their minds—became PITT's abject slaves,
 And publish'd their new Patron for a SAINT.

And

* Saint Peter.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
 Where can you folks of that description find
 Who will not sell their souls for cash,
 That most angelic, diabolic trash!
 E'en grave Divines submit to glitt'ring gold!
 The best of consciences are bought and sold:
 As in a tale I'll show, most edifying,
 And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

The

The PARSON, the SQUIRE, and
the SPANIEL.

A T A L E.

A GENTLEMAN possess'd a fav'rite Spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill :
This dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the dust —
That is to say, the Spaniel died :

A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial :

TRAY's

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
 Blest with more sense than half the folks I know :
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone ;
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way —
 Blush, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and *conv Tray.*

M

THE

THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
Rare breed of gospel-hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on fins their quarry fall,
Dread Locusts, that would eat us all :

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n and all the angels in the skies ;
As plain as in the box of SHOWMAN SWISS,
For little Master made, and curious Miss,
We see with huge delight the King of France
With all his Lords and Ladies dance.

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion :

“ O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

“ Fine doings these, upon my word !

“ This,

" This, truly, is a very pretty thing !

" What will become of this most shocking world ?

" How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,

" And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd !

" Oh ! by this damned deed how I am hurried !

" A dog in christian ground be buried !

" And have an epitaph forsooth so civil :

" Egad ! Old Maids will presently be found

" Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,

" And writing verses on each mousing devil."

Against such future casualty providing,

The Priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,

Vowing to put the culprit in the Court :

He found him at the spaniel's humble grave ;

Not praying, no, nor singing of a stave ;

And thus began t' *abuse* him—not *exhort*——

" Son

" Son of the Dev'l, what hast thou done ?

" Nought for the action can atone ——

" I should not wonder if the great All-wise

" Quick darted down his lightning all so red,

" And dash'd to earth that wretched head,

" Which dar'd so foul, so base an act devise.

" Bury a dog like christian folk !——

" None but the fiend of darkness could provoke

" A man to perpetrate a deed so odd :

" Our Inquisition soon the tale shall hear,

" And quickly your fine fleece shall shear :

" Why, such a villain can't believe in God !"

" Softly ! my rev'rend Sir," the Squire replied——

" Tray was as good a dog as ever died——

" No education could his morals mend——

" And, what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,

" Before his lamp of life went out,

" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did

“ Did he ?—poor dog !” the soften’d Priest rejoin’d,
In accents pitiful and kind ;

“ What ! was it *Tray* ? I’m sorry for poor Tray : —

“ Why, truly, dogs of such rare merit,

“ Such real nobleness of spirit,

“ Should not like common dogs be put away. —

“ Well ! pray what was it that he gave,

“ Poor fellow ! ere he fought the grave ?

“ I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye. ” —

“ A piece of gold,” the gentleman reply’d. —

“ I’m much oblig’d to *Tray*,” the Parson cry’d ;

So left God’s *cause*, and pocketed the guinea.

Yet, should I imitate the fickle wind,
 Or *Mister patriot* EDEN—change my mind ;
 And for the BARD your Majesty should fend,
 And say, “ Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
 “ I long, I long, to give you something, PETER —
 “ You make fine verses—nothing can be sweeter —
 “ What will you have? what, what? speak out—speak out—
 “ Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt :”—

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,
 Forsake your usual short-hand mode of speech,
 And thus begin—in bible-phraze sublime ;
 “ What shall be done for our rare *Son of Rhime* ?
 “ The BARD who full of wisdom writeth ?
 “ The MAN in whom the KING *delighteth* ?”

Then would the Poet thankfully reply
 With fault’ring voice, low bow, and marv’ling eye

All



All meekness! such a simple, dove-like thing!

“ Bleft be the Bard who verses can endite,

“ To yield a *second Solomon* delight!

“ Thrice blest, who findeth favour with the King!

“ Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard

“ In whom the King delighteth, some reward,

“ Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him;

“ O King! do any thing but KNIGHT HIM.”

THE END

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